

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XVI.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 30, 1883.

NO. 13.

Miscellaneous Adver's.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

is the only Iron preparation that does not color the teeth, and will not cause headache or constipation, as other Iron preparations will.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.



HISTORY REPEATED.

Penn's advent in this country two hundred years ago may be regarded as that of a Clothier. We continue in the same line upon similar principles of equity and prudence, but with enlarged facilities and superior advantages to the customer, who has not only a large stock from which to select, but the privilege of returning goods and getting back the money on all purchases that cannot otherwise be made satisfactory.

A. C. Yates & Co.,

LEDGER BUILDING, Chestnut & Sixth Sts.
inch-24m PHILADELPHIA.

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOURSELF A GREAT DEAL OF SUFFERING, MUCH VALUABLE TIME, AND ENDLESS AMOUNT OF EXPENSE, AND ABOVE ALL, IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR HEALTH, CURE YOUR COUGH, BY DRINKING

HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR!

IT WILL CURE—
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSNESS, CHRONIC CATARRHS, SOME THROAT, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, AND WHOOPING COUGH, ING. COUGH, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

How many persons old and young who suffer from a "Pain in the Breast," "Sore Throat," or a "Slight Cough," are aware of the fact that they are suffering in the first stage; they live on from day to day, requiring no medical attention, and without reflecting for a moment on the fatal termination of such diseases if neglected. They are not aware that they have been neglecting their Cough or Cold, or been tampering with them by using some useless quack nostrum, or by drinking some bottle of the above Syrup. It is recommended by the best physicians in every city in the country, and by thousands of persons who have used it and obtained a cure when everything else had failed to give relief.

PRICE, 30 CTS. LARG. BOTTLES, \$1. SMALL, 25¢.

Prepared only by

RUSSELL & NEWBOURG,
PHILADELPHIA.

AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGISTS.
Jan. 5-14

J. P. DOUGHTEN,

DEALER IN
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!

Constant in receipt of
ALL THE NEW AND EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

SPECIALTIES IN

Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear,

Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear,

AND MANUFACTURES OF THE

Celebrated PARAGON SHIRT,

No. 410 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, DEL.

MISS ADDIE HAZZARD!

TEACHER OF

Instrumental Music,

now ready to receive Pupils and give them their careful instruction.

42-THURMANS, 400 PINE QUARTER,

Rooms at residence of Mrs. Morton on Green street.

HAPPY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Pretty school-girls! rosy-cheeked maidens, I can count them here a score or more. Chattering in their youthful gladness, As they cluster at the door.

At the window, in the garden, See that charming little miss, As she greets a waiting comrade. When she comes to kiss me.

One has golden tresses, braided, Long and lustrous, tied with blue, With a pair of eyes to match them Of the bluest, and the prettiest. One is of the pensive order, Drooping lids and oval face; Some are of the gay, vivacious, Some of quiet, tender grace.

At yon when taken altogether, Grouped as one may see them there, Show me, and I will compare. That with this one will compare. Show me, on the walls of genius, In the halls of art, in the halls of Any picture half as charming As these school-girls sweet and true.

By and by they will be scattered, Grouped as one may see them there, For the duties of her home. Then will they all be gathered together, In the halls of mirth or art, They will ne'er, in such a tableau, Be outdone by any picture.

Merry school-girls! Happy lasses! Future mothers of the race, How we love to watch your motions, And your faces, and your grace. How we love to smooth the brows, On your brows, without a care! Pray, tell me, how you keep you, Guide and guard you everywhere you go.

WHY I HAD TWO WEDDING DAYS.

Everything had been duly and properly arranged for our wedding. The engagement of Miss Nellie Bartley to Mr. Bertram Langley had been announced in the fashion column of a leading "society journal," and the wedding day had arrived.

I am Bertram Langley, commonly called Bert; and while I confess to being most sincerely in love with my little Nell, I must confess I had been quite annoyed at the persistence with which she insisted on a grand wedding day.

There was another cause of annoyance, too. Nell's father was a rich man, and as able as he was willing to furnish his daughter with as much finery as she might desire, while I, on the contrary, was a man with his way still to the world.

When I asked Mr. Bartley's consent to our marriage, he was at first just a little inclined to find fault with my financial condition.

I only mention this to show how a suspicion, once entertained, will return on the faintest invitation, and not unfrequently upon one at all; for the time came when Mr. Bartley not only entertained this unjust surmise, but eagerly hugged this foul thought to his heart, and grew murderous in that vital organ towards me, Bertram Langley—as innocent a man as ever lived.

The day before the one fixed upon for our marriage, Nell and I had our first quarrel. I called to inform her of the smallest possible hitch in the church machinery.

I waited full half an hour in the drawing room, cooling my heels and warming my wrath, before Nell rushed in.

"What is it, Bert?" she asked breathlessly. "I'm awfully busy!"

A spark is enough to ignite a whole city if it only fall upon highly inflammable material, and a word is quite enough to rouse a furious temper in man who is aching to get mad; so I answered curtly, "If you are in such a hurry, it is no matter what I wished to say."

Nell opened her lovely brown eyes in surprise.

"I've got to select some lace," she explained, "and Kate can't wait."

"Neither can I!" I retorted shortly, pulling on my gloves. Then after a moment I added, "You think a great deal of furrows, don't you?"

"Indeed I do."

"I am afraid you will have to do with vastly less when you are married."

Nell tossed her head saucily.

"All the more reason I should be allowed to enjoy these pangs give me."

The shot went home. I bit my lips, but managed to keep a cool outside, though inwardly I was boiling.

"It is not too late to retreat," I said coolly. "If you repeat your bargain, there is time to escape."

Nell's eyes grew big with horror at the idea.

"Indeed, it is entirely too late!" she burst out. "Why everybody knows it! All our set have cards! I should die of mortification to have it put off now. I have no fancy for being a laughing-stock for everyone."

"Better be laughed at a week than miserable for a life time," I retorted.

Nell opened her lips to answer, but just at that moment Kate, Nell's sister, put her head in at the door.

"Nell! Nell! excuse me, Bert—"

I stayed to hear more, but turned on my heel and strode away.

No sooner had I reached my lodgings, when it was I heartily ashamed of myself; and when Tom, my elder brother, and only living relative, rushed in and told me that he had left his wife ill at home, so anxious was he to see me married, the last bit of crossness departed, and a great wave of tenderness swept over my heart for the brown-eyed girl who I knew was to marry me to-morrow only because she loved me far better than the elegance of her father's home, or the costly trifles he could give her.

Next morning came, the church was packed, and I, feeling most uncomfortably stiff and awkward in a span new suit and speckless gloves, was waiting in the vestry.

Nell was to enter on her father's arm, followed by her bridesmaids and groomsmen—six in number—while I was to enter in the nick of time from the vestry, the minister from his study, and meet before the altar.

Her pale face flushed angrily.

"What can you say?" she burst out, hotly, "that will make your conduct less dastardly? Have you not made me the object of every one's ridicule and contemptuous pity? Offering me a public insult woman could ever

early to the church, not to be stared at and confused.

Just at the last moment Tom came rushing in, followed by the sexton.

"I've got a telegram from Lettie," he said Tom, his voice quivering. "She is worse, and I must start at once. Just time to catch the train. Good-bye, old boy! God bless you!"

"I'm going, too—just came to wish you joy, Mr. Bert," said the sexton, who had known me since I was a lad, and who had arranged for a man to perform his duties on this occasion.

"Sorry I can't see you married. My road's the same as your brother's, so I'll go with him."

And on they both hurried, the door closing with a sharp click behind them.

The time for the arrival of the wedding party drew near; I advanced to the door that opened into the church, designing to open it and peep through. It resisted my efforts. I struggled with it sharply. No use. The door was locked!

Muttering a curse on the stupidity of the sexton, I strode to the outer door, half sitting, half lying at her feet, related to her the chapter of my misfortunes.

Great was the family wonder to see us walk in together, but everything was all right as soon as explained, and Mr. and Mrs. Bartley consented that Nell and I might be married in the quaint little church in the place.

Then I flew back to the inner door and listened. The organ was playing gaily, and a subdued hush told me that Nell was entering on her father's arm, and here was I, standing like a caged rat.

Oh, how I tried to open that door. My gloves split, and the perspiration ran down my face and dropped off the end of my nose; but not once could I budge it.

I have wondered since how I should have looked if I had succeeded in bursting open the door, and been suddenly projected before the creme de la creme, with limp collar, torn gloves, red face and distended eyes. I can smile now, but I can assure you I saw no fun in it.

It was another cause of annoyance, too. Nell's father was a rich man, and as able as he was willing to furnish his daughter with as much finery as she might desire, while I, on the contrary, was a man with his way still to the world.

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It was all very pretty, but I almost knew I should make a mess of it; and I did, with a vengeance.

I had requested to be allowed to be left alone, so as to keep my mind, and for the same reason I went

forgive. Have you not made me hate everybody, myself most of all? What more do you wish, Bertram Langley—your villain?"

I winced a little at the word, as I thought of my broken head—though I did not blame her, believing as she did.

"Why are you here?—and why did you run away?" she demanded, with a whole world of scorn on the words "run away."

"I did not run away; I was locked up."

"Locked up! for what? Where?"

I cried poor Bert, starting back, a look of horror creeping up into her eyes.

I verily believe she thought for a moment I had added murder to my other crimes.

"Why, in the vestry," I explained, a look of innocence.

"Come and sit down, and let me tell you. I am quite ill yet."

The Transcript

W. SCOTT WAY, Editor & Proprietor.

\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

To Corresponders.—Communications on topics of local interest are always welcome, but to insure insertion they must be brief and to the point. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents. Anonymous articles will receive no attention. Address all communications to the Proprietor.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAR. 30, 1883.

In the Star Route trial at Washington yesterday the direct evidence of Dorsey was ended and the cross examination begun.

Many Ohio men are in Washington endeavoring to impress the President with the importance of having an Ohio man in the Cabinet.

A LATE NUMBER of the Philadelphia *Ledger* contains an editorial article entitled, "Funeral Reform." The public would now be glad to have an article from the same source on Obituary Poetry Reform.

It is remarkable how many of our State Legislatures have this year been discussing the problem of reviving the whipping-post for wife-beaters. Two-legged brutes must be growing very numerous in this country.

Literary and Journalistic.

ANOTHER survivor of Balaklava is dead in England. Thus are they falling, the "noble six hundred," by the ruthless hand of Time. By the end of this century, probably, there will be no more than nine hundred of them left.

We see in the Philadelphia papers that Delaware will produce a big crop of peaches this season. This piece of news will much please our fruit growers. They are always a bit uneasy about the peach crop until they see in the Philadelphia papers that it is safe.

THE CITIZENS of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, gave the murderer Dukes a pressing invitation to leave that town within twenty-four hours, and he left with marked promptness. He wisely concluded, no doubt, that Uniontown was not a healthy place for him. He resigned his seat in the Legislature.

A SCIENTIST fills nearly a half column in an exchange trying to explain why a man can't fly. This is a useless waste of space. It has been practically demonstrated again and again that a man can fly if he will give himself a good start from something high, but he has ever found it difficult to light gracefully.

THE HOUSE has concurred in Mr. Bett's resolution, adopted in the Senate yesterday, providing for adjournment sine die on April 13th. There are over one hundred and fifty bills yet to be acted upon, and it will be impossible for the Legislature to give proper attention to even the more important of these bills between now and April 13th.

DOWN at Crisfield, on the Eastern Shore, where no spirituous or fermented liquors are lawfully sold, undiluted Jamaica ginger is the popular substitute for whiskey. This drug stings like a whole nest of adders of assorted sizes, but it is much used by habitual drinkers who are unhappy without something to often warm them inwardly.

THE SENATE at Dover passed the Local Option bill yesterday. But little has been said about it of late and its passage by either branch of the Legislature was hardly expected, even by its most enthusiastic advocates. It now goes to the House, where its fate is uncertain, but since its passage of the Senate friends express the belief that it will also pass the House.

THE GRUBB BILL for increased representation for New Castle county will probably come up in the Senate for final action to-day or early in next week. The opinion seems to prevail at Dover that it will pass by an almost unanimous vote. This bill does not give New Castle county all that was hoped for, but we do not see that she can gain anything by holding out for more. We have advocated the Grubb bill because we believed it would secure to New Castle county all that Kent and Sussex could be induced to grant in the way of increased representation at this time.

MR. SWIGGETT's scheme to improve (?) the Peninsular mail service by taking the route offent on the early morning train going North and putting a mail on the afternoon train going South, is not received with favor by the people of the upper Peninsula. Such an arrangement would undoubtedly cause great inconvenience to the business men of the towns between Dover and Wilmington. If Mr. Swiggett has no better plan than this to offer for the "improvement" of the Peninsular mail system, he had better keep his hands off it and devote himself solely to his post-office in Wilmington.

POSTMASTER GENERAL HOWE, who died at his home in Wisconsin on Sunday, was in his sixty-ninth year. His life was largely spent in politics. From a Maine legislator he became a Wisconsin Supreme Court Judge, and in 1861 was sent to the United States Senate. He entered the Cabinet of President Arthur in 1881, and as Postmaster General was not a very striking success. Frank Hatton, his first assistant, has run the department pretty much as he pleased, and he has pleased to run it in the interest of Frank Hatton whenever he could. Mr. Howe was a very mediocre sort of man but his integrity was never questioned. He was a strong advocate of a third term for Grant.

DURING the Easter services at Trinity Church, New York, a detective arrested the Rev. Ethan Curtis, a Congregationalist, and T. L. McCormick, called upon the President yesterday, to urge the appointment of an Ohio man in the Cabinet. Ex-Representative Butterworth, of Ohio, also had an interview with the President.

Curtis excited the detective's suspicions because he was hanging about the door of the church, and going frequently in any out, but he readily explained his queer actions. He was on the lookout for several ladies who were in attendance at the services and whom he did not wish to miss. Ladies will cause even clergymen to caper queerly sometimes, but detectives are getting to be too previous. After a while it will not be safe for an editor to put on his best clothes and go to church.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* is a great newspaper. It can no longer keep within the limits of the old-fashioned double sheet, but is never smaller nowadays than ten pages, and occasionally runs to twenty-eight. Last Sunday it was compelled to print, for the first time, thirty-two pages, or one hundred and ninety-two columns, of which one hundred and twenty-two columns contained advertisements. Commenting on this octopus issue, the *Herald* says: "This combination of over five single sheet papers filled with advertisements and three filled with the news, all published in one day and sold at the price of one paper, is something hitherto unknown in the history of journalism in this country, and we doubt if it has ever been equalled in any other country."

Literary and Journalistic.

WE are glad to see Ed. Adams' sprightly Marathon *Independent* on our exchange table once more. For a time we feared that Ed. was lost, strayed or stolen.

THE Whitehall, N. Y., Times has entered its twenty-fourth year and bids fair to be as bright, spicy and useful in the future as it has been in the heretofore. Wilkins works by day to make a good paper and sits up nights and writes novels.

IF the route agent who steals our Laramie weekly Boomerang about three times a month will divide with us, and let us have it semi-monthly, we shall be happier than we are now. The thirst for good literature (of other people) is growing to too great a muchness among postal employees.

ALTHOUGH overburdened with his official duties and the set of his new trousers, President Arthur has found time to read "The Cleverdale Mystery, or the Machine and its Wheels," and in a note to the author, Mr. W. A. Wilkins, of the Whitehall Times, says, "It is interesting to him both on account of its merits and as the production of a former pupil and young friend." But we don't believe that a man can fly if he will give himself a good start from something high, but he has ever found it difficult to light gracefully.

IN VIEW of the 100th anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving, which falls on Tuesday, April 3, the next number of the *Critic*—issued March 31—will contain tributes to the great humorist from a number of eminent writers, especially qualified by knowledge and sympathy to make his works their theme. Mr. George William Curtis will write of Irving's creation of the Knickerbocker, Mr. S. H. Gay will write of the Machin and its wheels.

W. H. Moore & Co.

WINDING UP THE CLOCK,
WHEN THE WHEELS WERE ALMOST
STILL, A LUCKY ACCIDENT REVEALS
THE LOCK KEY.

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